

Hope Star

VOLUME 81 — NUMBER 68. (AP)—Means Associated Press.
(NBA)—Means Newspaper Enterprise Ass'n.

HOPE, ARKANSAS, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1930.

Star of Hope founded 1899; Hope Daily Press
1927; Consolidated as Hope Star, January 18, 1929.

PRICE 5¢ COPY

One Funeral for Theater Victims

City of Paisley To Bear Expense of Burying Babes

Mass Funeral To Be Held for Victims of Panic In Theater.

FAMILY WIPE OUT

Mother Finds Three of Her Brood Lying in Row In Morgue.

PAISLEY, Scotland, Jan. 1.—(P)—Arrangements progressed toward completion today for a mass funeral for the 72 victims of the panic which followed a small fire yesterday afternoon in the Glen motion picture theater here.

Hardly a home in this mill town but that suffered loss in the holocaust of yesterday, and the city, recognizing that many of the families affected were poor, or at least in moderate circumstances, expected to provide for the interment in a single grave of the little victims.

Meantime, under smoke-laden skies, grief-stricken parents continued to identify the children's bodies. Most of the dead were between the ages of five and fourteen.

A Pitiful Picture

Pitiful were enacted at the babies were recognized and tags, with names written on them, pinned to their clothing. Parents entering the morgue were conducted by nurses between long rows of the little corpses.

One woman found three of her children, her brood, side-by-side in the morgue. Fathers in some cases balked at the door, refusing to enter, thus leaving the identification up to the mothers.

Doctors who inspected the theatre building and tended the more than 50 injured believe if the children had remained quiet when the alarm was first given not one life would have been lost.

Ghost Witness and Friends Rest Up

Findings of Court To Be Kept Secret Is New Report.

Connie Franklin and Others of Party Visit In Little Rock.

LITTLE ROCK, Jan. 1.—(P)—Various interests were responsible for a visit to Little Rock simultaneously today of eight of the principals in the Connie Franklin murder mystery at Mountain View three weeks ago.

Connie Franklin, the ghost witness who returned to deny that he had died at the hands of five men who were being tried for this murder, Rich Edmunds, defense attorney, and "Uncle Cris" Greenway, father of one of the men tried for the murder returned to Little Rock to "rest up" after Franklin's initial two-week tour as a stage star.

Sheriff Sam Johnson, of Stone county, and his wife, who is his deputy, and Tiller Ruminer, sweetheart of Connie Franklin whose weird story of torture murder started the investigation into Franklin's alleged killing, were also in the city, though the purpose of their visit was a mystery.

Ben Williamson, chief of defense counsel for the five men, and prosecuting attorney Hugh Williamson who led the state's efforts to convict them, are here on business.

Death Darkens the New Year for Some

Boy, Six, Accidentally Kill Baby Sister With Pistol.

BLYTHEVILLE, Jan. 1.—(P)—Death last night robbed the dawning New Year of happiness for Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wheeler when their four-year-old daughter, Lula Mae, succumbed to a bullet wound in the head, suffered at the hands of her brother, six years old. The accident occurred while the children were playing with their father's pistol.

A double tragedy was narrowly averted at the Wheeler home when the father was told of the baby's condition. He attempted to kill both himself and his wife, being restrained by his mother.

Mae was found lying on a bed, injured from a bullet from a pistol which has passed her skull. Her little brother, standing by the bed, the smoke yet in his hand,

had been left asleep by or when left to run an errand to another section of town.

Two children are believed to have discovered the father's pistol and were playing with it.

A Few Remarks In General, Made So That the Linotypes May Be Kept Going

The Old Year is gone. Gone with it that it held of heartaches and sorrows, of laughter and joys and the crevices of the centuries hide much of that which we poor mortals thought might be immortal!

And today is the time for a mental house-cleaning. If you haven't looked after that important matter yet, start now! Resolve, among other things, to get out of the rut and have part in this age of prohibitory, regulatory, condemnatory and censorious opinion. Grab yourself a reserve seat on the band-wagon of progress and make a noise like you were alive. Only the "nuts" and the duds are satisfied with things as they are.

Quit kicking about this younger generation. It's all right. No worse than you and I were at the same age—and a blamed sight smarter! You can't hold youth against them. One must first be young before one attains to wisdom on the discretion of years. Daws' flame for youth; sunsets are vivid; sleep is sweet; each day is a new deal and reckless enterprises are not yet classed as folly.

An old head on young shoulders, you say? Only a philosopher who has

never made contact with joyous, rollicking life could yearn for such a faculty combination.

There are a few things somebody should look after, but let youth alone! Circulate a petition asking the next legislature to legalize, stabilize and harmonize Ground Hog Day. Fix a definite time for the rodent to come out, stop all this squabbling about when he is due to appear. Ask Congress to prohibit any Texan from pulling up stakes on the Staked Plains, prevent tourists from whittling in the Petrified Forests, painters from re-touching the Painted Desert or some other equally useful measure—but let the boys and girls of 1930 alone.

Dabble in politics, if you must. Everybody will this year. Run for office, if you chose, but never make the egocentric, egotistical error of trying to make the other fellow as good as YOU are through statutory enactment.

All of which is apropos of nothing at all in particular but its perpetuation was necessary by an over-worked editorial department in order for an under-worked mechanical department to have something to do.

"It's all."

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

been discovered the father's pistol.

—By a philosopher who has

Hope Star

The Hope Star is the newspaper of the community at the port of Hope, Arkansas. It is published weekly by the Ark. Publ. Co.

BY STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY
117 Main Street
Hope, Arkansas

C. E. PALMER, President
ALEX H. WASHBURN, Editor and Publisher

Member of The Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or to others who credit it in this paper and also the local news published herein. All rights of reproduction of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

"The newspaper is an institution developed by modern civilization to spread the news of the day, to foster commerce and industry, thus widely educated governments and to furnish that check upon government which no constitution has ever been able to provide." — Col. McCormick.

Subscription Rates:
One year \$1.00; six months \$2.75; one year \$5.00. By mail to Hempstead, Nevada, Howard, Miller and Lafayette counties, \$3.00 per year; elsewhere \$2.00.

The Star's Platform

CITY

Ask the revenues of the municipal power plant to develop the industrial and social resources of Hope.

More city pavement in 1930, and improved sanitary conditions in the alleys and business back-yards.

Support the Chamber of Commerce.

COUNTY

A county highway program providing for the construction of a minimum amount of all-weather road each year, to gradually reduce the cost of mileage.

Economic and economic support for every scientific agricultural program which offers practical benefits to Hempstead county's greatest interests.

Encourage farmer organizations, believing that co-operative effort is as practical in the country as it is in town.

STATE

Continued progress on the state highway program.

Reform, and a more efficient government through the budget system of expenditures.

Free Arkansas from the cattle tick.

A New Theory In Law

ONCE more a man has been shot down by coast guards and has been found, after his death, to have been engaged in a perfectly innocent errand at the time; and although this particular chap happened to be under indictment for smuggling liquor, the case nevertheless leaves a very bad taste in our mouths.

Now it should be realized that this business of objecting to "hair-trigger" prohibition enforcement is by no means a matter of objecting to prohibition. The matter goes deeper than that. It involves our whole scheme of criminal law.

Our criminal courts are devised on a very old theory: the theory that it is better that two guilty men should escape punishment than that one innocent man should be wrongfully convicted.

Accordingly, all kinds of safeguards are thrown about the man who is accused of crime. He cannot be compelled to testify against himself. Hearsay evidence cannot be used against him. If he is convicted, several avenues of appeal are open, and the highest courts will grant him a new trial if there is the slightest trace of irregularity anywhere in the conduct of the judge who tried him.

This frequently enables scoundrels to go scot free. But we keep the system, because we do not like to think that we may be sending innocent men to prison or to the electric chair.

Now this theory should, by rights, hold good in the business of catching criminals as well. But the "hair-trigger" agents reverse it. They seem to believe that it is better that two innocent men be killed than that one guilty man escape.

By so doing, they are striking at our whole scheme of criminal law. One need not be a foe of prohibition and to recognize the dangers of such a proceeding.

Newspaper Values

IN an address before the editorial staff of the Haverford (Pa.) News a couple of weeks ago, that much admired country editor, William Allen White, told of his experience of entering the newspaper business with \$1.25 in his pocket and any amount of determination wrapped up in his being.

White liked to say what he thought untrammeled by a superior and so he left his job on the Kansas City Star and went to Emporia, Kan., where he purchased the Gazette in 1895. In those days newspapers were comparatively cheap, and he bought that paper for \$8,000, giving his note for the purchase price. At that time the Gazette was most ordinarily equipped and boasted a circulation of 485.

After 35 years of hard labor, White has built the paper up to a circulation of 7,000 and the paper and plant is valued at \$250,000.

This leads us up to the question, "What are the reasons for the huge values of newspapers today?" No doubt there are many reasons that assist in giving the papers their immense value, but a few of them are that never before have newspapers been read as they are today; never have they wielded the power and influence in community betterment as they do today; never have manufacturers, distributors and dealers realized their pulling power for increasing prestige and greater sales volume than today.

In 1895 William Allen White paid nearly \$6.50 per subscriber, today he would not take less than \$30 per subscriber.

Of course people who do not think little realize the value of the newspaper to its community or of its monetary value, but the live, up-and-coming businesses are fully aware of both and are making mighty good use of them.—Estes Park (Colo.) Trail.

Schools Needed

THE country still is deficient in good flying schools, according to an article in the January number of World's Work by Frank Coffyn, a veteran in the field of aviation.

"What we need most of all," says Coffyn, "is properly run and intelligently managed flying schools, adequately equipped with good planes that are constantly and rigidly inspected. . . . I stress this because 60 per cent of what constitutes good and safe flying lies in the human element, where a cool head, sound judgment in an emergency and sufficient conservation and imperative."

Our airplanes have been developed to a remarkable point; but, after all, no airplane can fly safely without a good pilot. Mr. Coffyn is far from the first man to demand more and better training schools. The aviation industry might well take the lead in seeing to it that this need is met.



Rhodes Scholar



Jack Miller's excellent scholastic record at the University of Florida has resulted in his appointment as Rhodes scholar for his state. Miller, shown above, is the son of Dr. and Mrs. George E. Miller of St. Petersburg, Fla.

Snappy, Eh?



News of Other Days

From the Files of the Star

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
Neely Black and Frank Ethridge left yesterday morning to resume their studies at the University of Arkansas, after spending the holidays at home.

Miss Mae Tharp entertained her friends in a most delightful manner at her home on Main street Friday evening.

Mrs. J. R. Henry will give a "Knife Klatch" at her residence on Wednesday, January 4, for the benefit of the Women's Guild of Saint Mark's church.

J. Alston Clapp arrived home Monday from a Christmas visit to his old home at Memphis. Mrs. Clapp will remain in Memphis a few days longer before returning home.

TEN YEARS AGO
Mrs. Ed. McCorkle and daughter, Mary Hortense, visited Mr. and Mrs. Jess Hill at Nashville during the holidays.

Mrs. Lucy Davenport has returned from a holiday visit to friends and relatives at Little Rock.

W. V. Shelton entertained with a birthday party for her little son, Billy, Tuesday, celebrating his second anniversary.

Miss Dove Porterfield is visiting in Shreveport, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wending.

Gresham Reed is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Reed in this city. Gresham has been located in Philadelphia and New York city for the past two years.

John Boyd, a prominent planter of Emmet, was in Hope yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Porterfield celebrated their golden wedding anniversary Thursday last—the event falling on Christmas day.

One of the most delightful hospitalities calendared during the holidays was the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Barlow, on Saturday evening, which was carried out in their usual charming way.

Mrs. Dorsey McRae entertained with a beautiful reception at her pretty new home on East Third avenue last Friday afternoon, for Mrs. Glenn Eason Graham, a recent bride and her sister, Mrs. Joel Christopher Broyles.

With friends in Sardis this week.

Mr. Jester and son, Bloomer, made a trip to Foreman Saturday to visit with his daughter, Mrs. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hunt called on Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Russell at Nashville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hamiter and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas were Wednesday evening guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hunt.

Mrs. Lou Johnson and children of Hope, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Texas spent Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hamiter.

BARBS

The state Democratic party of Alabama has ousted Senator Heflin, What, already.

General Smedley D. Butler was called on the carpet again the other day. General Butler is the man for whom carpets were made.

Senator Brookhart declares that prohibition enforcement officers hereafter must be hard-boiled. Won't that be a big change?

Women are wearing their dresses longer. The way some of those stocks acted the other day the men will be doing that same thing.

A Louisiana woman shot a man who wasn't her husband. She's likely to get into trouble that way.

NORTH PATMOS NEWS

Several in this community have started farming by planting small truck patches of early peas and radishes.

Miss Callie Hamiter has returned to her home after spending two weeks visiting with relatives in Little Rock.

Robert Huckabee of Shover Springs called on Harvey Beavers Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas visited relatives near Sardis, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kent spent Sunday with Mrs. Kate Hollins.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Hatch and children are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jackson.

Mrs. Dolly Craig and daughter, Wanda Lee, of Nashville, are visiting



J. R. WILLIAMS

1930 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

Today's Crossword Puzzle

ADDITIONAL SOLUTIONS OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE														
1. Head cover	2. Tired	3. Theated wife	4. Wins	5. Burmish	6. Indian com	7. Related	8. Mother of the mother	9. Wick	10. Like a giant	11. Peoples	12. Country	13. Sand	14. Thirty-sea-tered	15. One inde-
16. Pack	17. Identity	18. Oil of roses	19. Paints	20. Distichito	21. Jaded	22. Perceives	23. Thrift	24. Action	25. Rodent	26. Infestive	27. Hairy herb	28. Supernatural	29. Japanese coin	30. Gratitude
31. Small case for toilet articles	32. Action	33. Action	34. Action	35. Action	36. Action	37. Action	38. Action	39. Action	40. Action	41. Action	42. Action	43. Action	44. Action	45. Action
46. Action	47. Action	48. Action	49. Action	50. Action	51. Action	52. Action	53. Action	54. Action	55. Action	56. Action	57. Action	58. Action	59. Action	60. Action
61. Against prefix	62. Unnaturalized	63. Operas by Verdi	64. Church digni-	65. Action	66. Action	67. Action	68. Action	69. Action	70. Action	71. Action	72. Action	73. Action	74. Action	75. Action
76. Action	77. Action	78. Action	79. Action	80. Action	81. Action	82. Action	83. Action	84. Action	85. Action	86. Action	87. Action	88. Action	89. Action	90. Action
91. Action	92. Action	93. Action	94. Action	95. Action	96. Action	97. Action	98. Action	99. Action	100. Action	101. Action	102. Action	103. Action	104. Action	105. Action
106. Action	107. Action	108. Action	109. Action	110. Action	111. Action	112. Action	113. Action	114. Action	115. Action	116. Action	117. Action	118. Action	119. Action	120. Action
121. Action	122. Action	123. Action	124. Action	125. Action	126. Action	127. Action	128. Action	129. Action	130. Action	131. Action	132. Action	133. Action	134. Action	135. Action
136. Action	137. Action	138. Action	139. Action	140. Action	141. Action	142. Action	143. Action	144. Action	145. Action	146. Action	147. Action	148. Action	149. Action	150. Action
151. Action	152. Action	153. Action	154. Action	155. Action	156. Action	157. Action	158. Action	159. Action	160. Action	161. Action	162. Action	163. Action	164. Action	165. Action
166. Action	167. Action	168. Action	169. Action	170. Action	171. Action	172. Action	173. Action	174. Action	175. Action	176. Action	177. Action	178. Action	179. Action	180. Action
181. Action	182. Action	183. Action	184. Action	185. Action	186. Action	187. Action	188. Action	189. Action	190. Action	191. Action	192. Action	193. Action	194. Action	195. Action
196. Action	197. Action	198. Action	199. Action	200. Action	201. Action	202. Action	203. Action	204. Action	205. Action	206. Action	207. Action	208. Action	209. Action	210. Action
211. Action	212. Action	213. Action	214. Action	215. Action	216. Action</									

A PAGE OF SPORT NEWS

SOCIETY

Mrs. Sid Henry

Tele- 321

To wonder what the future holds
For you and me;
shade or sun, its bloom or blast,
We may not see.
The future for us holds
A blessing true,
either enwrapped in calm or storm,
In dust or dew.
I may wait the sweetest flower
A sharpest rod;
All its weeks and days and hours
Are full of God.—Selected.

V. R. L. Harmon, of Ozan, visiting friends in the city yesterday.

Friend Mrs. Calvin Allen, who has been guests of friends for the few weeks left today for their trip to San Marcos, Texas.

J. D. Patterson, President of the American School of Welding of St. Louis, has returned to his home after a holiday visit with Mrs. Patterson son at the home of her parents, and Mrs. R. L. Richards.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Harbin and son Jimmie and Mrs. Florence Turner have returned from a holiday visit with relatives in Clarksville, Miss.

Mrs. J. Frank Miles has returned from a visit with friends in Prescott.

Mrs. E. M. Hall arrived from Arkadelphia yesterday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Miles.

Miss Pattie Seaman, who has spent the holidays visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Ess White left this morning for her home in Fort Townson, Okla.

The Pat Cleburne Chapter of U. D. C. will meet tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock at the home of Mrs. H. C. Whitworth on South Elm street with Mrs. D. H. Lipscomb and Misses Annie Allen and Ethel Rose as honored guests.

Mrs. H. C. Whitworth and little daughters have returned from a visit with friends and relatives in Little Rock and Cabot.

Mrs. Frank Miles entertained in a family-style Monday afternoon for the pleasure of her guests Mrs. A. Schultz and Miss Nannie Jett of Marion.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tyson of Prescott entertained a dinner at Hotel Burton last evening; their guests were Mrs. W. S. Jones, Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miles and Mrs. E. M. Hall of Arkadelphia.

Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Darnell have returned from Christmas visits with friends and relatives in Foreman, Texarkana and Shreveport.

Mrs. John R. Wilson of Little Rock is the guest of her sister Mrs. Ross R. Gillespie and Mr. Gillespie.

Mr. and Mrs. George Garrett and wife were Sunday guests of Mrs. George Garrett.

SAENGER
Home of Paramount Pictures
OPEN 2 P. M. CONTINUOUS
our greatest college picture ever—
letting to really cheer about.

No THIS
IS College
No
M
C
ALL-TALKING
High—
Higher!
IT'S A
KNOCKOUT

The finest and funniest comedy that has come to the Talking, Singing, Dancing Screen! Snap-sy song hits! Fair comedies, high-jinks, football! It's a riot!

ELLIOT NUGENT
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
CLIFF EDWARDS
SALLY STARK

Paramount Talkomedys
FARO-NELL
TO-DAY

Paramount Sound News

Britain Sends Pretty Girl



Taylor Murder Case Is Revived



The famous William Desmond Taylor murder case at Los Angeles is near a solution at last—or else it isn't, depending on which set of authorities you wish to believe. District Attorney Buron Fitts says that only one link in the chain of evidence is missing, and Ex-Governor F. W. Richardson says he has definite evidence to identify the slayer. Former District Attorney Asa Keyes, however, scoffs at the story, and Charles Eyton, production manager at the Lasky studios, where Taylor formerly directed, characterizes the disclosures as "a fairy tale". In this layout Taylor is shown with two movie actresses whose names were linked with his following his murder. Above is Mabel Normand; below, beside Taylor, is Mary Miles Minter.

Complimenting toward of Pittsburgh, Pa., Mr. Robinson entertained at a bridge party yesterday at her home on East Third Street, in tall-vases and floor vases, the reception suite, tables were arranged like rock, with Miss Frances Hill rock, winning the high and Mrs. W. H. Toney the low. The honoree received a gift of remembrance. After pleasant games, the assisted by Mrs. Kline, Mrs. E. P. Stewart and Miss Westmoreland and Frenched a most delicious salad course.

Mrs. Roy McKee of Mineral Springs, was Sunday guest of Miss Clara Dillard.

Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Caldwell have returned home after spending a few days visiting her parents in Mildred, Kansas.

Dale Floyd, of Nashville, spent Monday morning here with friends on business.

Mrs. H. H. Sartain attended a perfectly apoplectic yesterday at her best Ave B for the pleasure as well as the pleasure of Mrs. W. H. Toney. The honoree received a gift of remembrance. After a pleasant game, she assisted by Mrs. Kline, Mrs. E. P. Stewart and Miss Westmoreland and Frenched a most delicious salad course.

Mrs. Mary Thomason who spent the holidays with relatives in Ashdown, has returned to her school at Oklawaha.

Buck Greene and Less Davis, of Fulton, were business visitors to this place recently.

Mrs. Will McKinney and son, William, and Roy McKee visited their son in El Dorado, Sunday.

Miss Cora May Taylor and Janette Taylor, of Mandeville, are visiting in the home of their grandmother, Mrs. C. D. McLaren.

Melvin Clark, Muriel Saunders and Lester Nardeen visited friends in Nashville recently.

Miss Louise Gant of Wilton, spent Sunday night and Monday of Miss Clara Dillard before going to Magnolia to her school.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer McKinney, Mrs. Roy McKee and Miss Clara Dillard and Clyde Rosenbaum were among those who attended the show at the Saenger at Hope, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Snell and children, of Louisiana, are visiting friends here and in McNab.

Mr. and Mrs. Boon Jenkins and children, who have been visiting relatives in Ashdown, have returned home. They were accompanied by their cousin Monroe Grounds.

Miss Helen Newman visited friends and relatives in Texarkana recently.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. McLaren and sons, Harold and Potie, were recent guests of their daughter, Mrs. Elbert Taylor in Mandeville.

SANWS

Miss Faye who spent the holidays here, has returned to her home. Mr. and Mrs. Henry of

NEAND
Thess

Thur Friday

ANG
ANG

LEGE
LOVE

swis
Dliver

AST

MEDY
WS
Peppy:
gram

This NOVEMBER
IN Town
Mat. Itle 10c and 35c

THIS NOVEL collar of white
lace, made in criss-cross bands
told in place with pearl buttons,
is a favorite for cloth frocks.

ROKS SLIDES

Harry L. Larson

COLOR IN THE GAME

Art Big Shot Shires may not be the next heavyweight champion of the world, but he does answer a prayer that has been sounding for years—“more color in the national game of rooks.”

There hasn't been another such man as this since the days of Rube Waddell. There have been a few characters conspicuous for their color, such as Bugs Raymond and Rabbit Maraville, but no one has so seized the public imagination as the Chicago Whistler.

YOU WONDER ABOUT HIM

Shires is a type with an appeal that is almost universal. No matter how smart you are, you never can be quite sure whether Shires is in deadly earnest or is merely kidding. The fact that he has carried out his program of fighting may mean either that he sees this activity as a good way to make a winter living, or that he seriously thinks he is a great fighter.

Mr. Chicago was talking about his last fight. In the hotel lobbies, the restaurants, the speakeasies and other places where serious minds gather to settle the world's problems, the conversation inevitably turned to Shires. And at the end there always was the same speculative question, “Is the guy really serious?” Not only in Chicago, but wherever you go, somebody asks about Shires.

Shires and Waddell

The same public curiosity helped to make Waddell the immortal figure he was. There was something about this boy who never grew up that was unbelievable. In comparing Shires with Waddell, however, there is this sharp difference to note: Waddell was kindly, irresponsible and a jester at heart. There are still a few questions about heart to be answered by Shires. These only time can answer.

Shires seems to have courage. The Rube had great gobs of that. Constance Mack recently was asked if he referred Waddell to Grove, and Connie replied in the affirmative. The reason? Heart!

The Rube cared little about money. Mr. Shires has demonstrated no very touching disregard for coin to date. He seems to realize the values that publicity places upon his fame. He is earning money on that publicity. Waddell seemed to lack a financial sense of his own value.

Waddell was a giant with the mind

REAL CAMPUS RALLY IN "SO THIS IS COLLEGE"

Boxes, barrels, window shutters, old wagons and articles of every description were piled on high for the bonfire in the raily scene of “So This Is College.” Sam Wood’s new all-talking, singing and dancing comedy drama for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which is showing at the Saenger theatre.

Householders in the neighborhood

DID YOU KNOW THAT?

A 16-year-old kid, Clarence Frock, from Baltimore, has been the sensation of the racing season at Keeney Park—he rides like LaVerne Fator—he has a powerful pair of hands and that's what a jock needs to keep those runners close to the inner rail—Kid Ciccone's victory over Dominick Patrono the other night was his 15th straight win—in his first fight in America, the Havana kid came close to defeat, however, when Joe Scarfaro rushed out of his corner at the first going and nailed him with a haymaker—the Kid went down on his ear, and fought three rounds without knowing where he was—Lena Blackburne was in Camden the night Art Shires lost to Trafton and he wired Whistler, “Use a beefsteak on that eye. That's what fixed mine”—And Shires replied, “My eye. Your too, when we meet again.”

of a butterfly. The old Rube was packed full of life. Mr. Shires is all crammed up with words, at least, and these seem to be interesting to a great number of people. Arthur the Great isn't built along such tremendous power lines as Waddell—but he does seem to have the butterfly skull.

IT TOOK POWER

Shires never will be able to put the drama into a ball game that Waddell could. Once in Chicago, Waddell beat the Giants in an extra inning game. The next afternoon he asked Manager Hart if he could pitch again. He told Hart he had met some Board of Trade fellows the night before and “they couldn’t get out here yesterday to see me pitch so I told them I would ask you if I could work today.” Hart let him work and he beat the Giants again.

When the Devilish Giant

Tennessee Belle Heaviest Heavy Is Looking for Bout

Italian Pachyderm Comes Over To Pick Up A Little Money.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1—Primo Carnera, the biggest heavyweight boxer in history, landed in the United States Tuesday to pursue his career.

The giant Italian weighed 240 pounds and is 6 feet 2 inches tall to have a special berth built for him on the Berengaria and three extra chefs to cook his meals for him.

When the Devilish Giant germed into his elaborate quarters on Broadway, he touched the top of the door, he said, and led a Shepherd dog in the office. Born in Italy, Carnera has spent the last 10 years of his life in America. He left home at the age of 16 and his family was too poor to support him.

Since then he has been a mule worker, carpenter, and circus performer, among other things, but because he was unable to earn enough to feed himself, he usually made \$1 a day and ate up \$2 worth of food, meat, according to his manager, Gus Seeger.

Carnera began fighting in November, 1928, and since that time has had 10 engagements, winning 11 and losing two—both on foul. To Young Strigling and Franz Diener, the German and Larry Haar, a forward.

The most promising sophomores are Jimmy Brown, ace of the championship freshman last winter; “Hunk” Waring, a 6 foot 4 inch, center who is being groomed for Goodwin’s place; Bill Woodward and Gaynor, forwards; and Joe Ellington and Bill Morgan, holdover reserves.

Other promising court fodder includes Gammie, Brake and Patterson, holdover reserves.

45

Years Ago

We began business in Hope in this same location.

Each of us thanks you for your splendid patronage.

John S. Gibson
Cecil Parker
John S. Gibson, Jr.
Miss Maggie Maher
Eugene Hall
Charles D. Gibson
William Hutchins

John S. Gibson
Drug Co.

The Rexall Store
Phone 63

TOO NERVOUS TO SLEEP AND REST

Georgia Lady Was Very Weak, But Felt Better After Taking Cardui.

Athena, Ga.—“About two years ago, I had a serious illness, after which I did not regain my strength,” says Mrs. M. E. Adams, of 18 Barrett St., this city.

“I was so very nervous at night. I just rolled and tumbled and wished for morning to come; and in daytime, wished for night so everything would get quiet.”

“I was pale and very weak.”

“I knew that I must do something for myself. I read where Cardui had helped so many women, and began taking it. I saw that I was gaining strength, so kept it up. I was less nervous.”

“I took Cardui at intervals for about eighteen months, and I can now advise other weak women to try Cardui, for it certainly helped me.”

Cardui is a valuable reconstructive tonic, and reports of its use have shown that it often proves helpful in such cases as that described above.

Cardui may be just what you need. Get a bottle today.

CARDUI
IN USE BY WOMEN FOR OVER 50 YEARS

While taking Cardui, a laxative to use is the traditional Black-Draugh.

VAPOR COOKED PLATE LUNCH 25c

MORELAND'S
Drug Store and Confectionery

QUICK, SAFE RELIEF FROM COLDS

THOXINE COLD CAPSULES

Contain no quinine, acetanilid or harmful drugs.

This modern preparation brings relief with the very first dose, in fact it is guaranteed to give quicker, safer and better relief than anything you have ever used for colds or your money will be refunded—60¢ per box.

Sold and recommended by DRUG COMPANY JOHN P. COX

25¢

Why Did This Young Girl Marry Her Employer— For Love or Money?



Arthur Knight



Judith Cameron



Tony Knight

JUDITH CAMERON, young and beautiful, a stenographer in a New York publishing house—Arthur Knight, an executive in the firm, middle-aged and a widower with two children.

Loneliness brought this man and woman together. Knight found sympathy and understanding in the youthful Judith; she found in Knight someone who could protect her from a world that had been none too kind.

That was the basis of their love. They married—People said of Judith that she married for money. Her stepdaughter, Tony Knight, only a few years younger than herself, accused her of it. Her stepson was hostile.

Can such a marriage be successful? This is the problem of which Laura Lou Brookman, brilliant young author, writes in "Rash Romance," The Hope Star's new serial. Out of it she has built one of the most gripping love stories you ever read.

The Author



Laura Lou BROOKMAN

It Begins

Tomorrow, January 2

In The

Hope Star



POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

City Election February 12, 1930.

For Mayor
The Star is authorized to announce the candidacy of Claude Stuart for mayor of Hope, subject to the action of the Democratic city primary February 25.

The Star is authorized to announce the candidacy of A. L. Betts for mayor of Hope, subject to the action of the Democratic city primary February 25.

The Star is authorized to announce the candidacy of Ruff Boyett for Mayor of Hope, subject to the action of the Democratic city primary February 25.

For Marshal
The Star is authorized to announce the candidacy of M. D. (Miles) Downs for marshal of Hope, subject to the Democratic city primary February 25.

For City Recorder
Star is authorized to announce the candidacy of Fred Webb for recorder of Hope, subject to the action of the Democratic city primary February 25.

Sell It! Find It!

WITH HOPE STAR

WANT ADS

Count five words to the line. Rates 10c per line for one insertion, minimum 30c. 7c per line for three insertions, minimum 50c. 5c per line for six or more insertions. 5c per line for 26 insertions.

PHONE 768

SERVICES OFFERED ..

GENE ROOKER
Public Collector
Telephone 424.

27-30c

Mrs. G. W. Matthews, seamstress and dressmaker, desires to announce that she has moved from 523 West Division to South Hazel street, next door to Dr. Lile's residence. 1-1c.

WANTED

Have you a good business residence or farm for sale. Write box 98. Hope Star. 67-4f.

I buy second hand furniture or trade new for old. Call Second Hand Furniture Store 351. P. J. Drake 43-301.

WANTED. Roomers and Boarders. Mrs. Judson 18-4f.

FOR SALE

FOR RENT—Black land farm. More than 100 acres in cultivation. Tenant must have ample force to handle. On highway, near school, close to town. Call 32, Hope. 60-1f.c.

FOR Dressmaking, alterations or tailoring call Mrs. W. Harris at 315 East Third street, phone 344. 62-1f.c.

Community Store and filling station for rent or sale. See Lon Boswell 1-1f.c.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Black land farm. More than 100 acres in cultivation. Tenant must have ample force to handle. On highway, near school, close to town. Call 32, Hope. Mrs. T. C. Jobe. 65-1f.c.

FOR RENT—Modern home, newly papered and varnished throughout. Close in. Little Middlebrooks. Phone 364. 60-1f.c.

ROOMS and BOARD—Apply 302 East Third or phone 902. 30-1f.c.

FOR RENT—Extra nice furnished home. Modern. Phone 606. A. D. Middlebrooks. 67-1f.c.

LOST

LOST—Tan cowhide traveling bag containing clothing and letters. Reward for return to this office. Hope Star.

WARNING ORDER

IN HEMPSTEAD CHANCERY COURT SARAH McEachran, ASSIGNEE, PLAINTIFF VS. ROLAND ELLIOTT, ET AL., DEFENDANTS.

The defendant, The American Investor Company, a corporation, is warned to appear in the Hempstead County Circuit Court within thirty days and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, Sarah McEachran, A. S. signature.

WITNESS my hand as clerk of said court, and the seal thereof, on this 18th day of December, 1929.

WILLIE HARRIS,

Clerk of the Hempstead County Chancery Court.

A Christmas Carol

By Charles Dickens



"I told him, 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,' he said; 'and heartily sorry for your good wife. By-the-bye, how ever knew that I don't know?'

"Knew what, my dear?"

"Why, that you were a good wife," replied Bob.

"Everybody knows that," said Peter.

"Very well observed, my boy!" cried Bob. "I hope they do. Heartily sorry, he said, for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way," he said, giving me his card, "that's where I live. Pray come to me!" Now, it wasn't," cried Bob, "for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"You would be sure of it, my dear," returned Bob, "if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised—mark what I say—if he got Peter a better situation."

"I am that man who lay upon the bed," he cried upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him and back again.

"No Spirit! Oh no, no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching At its robe, "bear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope?"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life!"

The kind hand trembled.

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But, however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we—or this first parting that there was among us?"

"Never, father!" they all cried again.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was; although he was a little, little child, we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again.

"I am very happy," said little Bob, "I am very happy!"

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parling moment is at hand. I know it but I know not how. Tell we what man, that was whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come conveyed him, as before, though at a different time, he thought; indeed there seemed no order in these latter visions, save that they were in the Future—into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Indeed the Spirit did not stay for anything, but went straight on, to the end just now desired, until brough by Scrooge to tarry for a moment.

"This court," said Scrooge, "through which we bury now, is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a length of time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be in days to come."

The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed elsewhere.

"The house is yonder," Scrooge exclaimed.

"The inexorable finger underwent no change.

They drew about the fire, and talked, the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little—"just a little down, you know," said Bob, inquired what had happened to distress him. "On which," said Bob, "for he is the pleasantest spoken gentleman you ever

heard him say."

He joined it once again, and wondering why and whether, and, wondering why and whether he had gone, iron gate. He paused to look around before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man, whose name he had

now learned. My underneath, the rolling hills, the lonely places, all and every house, overrun by grass and weeds, then grown of vegetation, death, not life, choked up with too much burly, fat with reptile appetite. A worthy place!

The spirit stood among the graves and pointed down to one. He advanced towards it, trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, perfectly winded.

"There's the situation," said Scrooge, "that the grub was in" tried Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the fireplace. "There's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat. There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha! ha! ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is," said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I have been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite lost. Never mind, I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo! hallo!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake, even when you shave.

Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked up at the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, joyful, stirring cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells; Oh, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, joyful, stirring cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells; Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell, dong, hammer, clang, crash! Oh, glorious!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer, ding, dong, bell, bell,

